SOME NEW BOOKS.

Paul Kruger and His Times.

I.

The present disturbed condition of affairs in South Africa and the widespread feeling of anticipation of trouble there in the near future give especial interest to Mr. F. R. STATHAM'S volume, entitled *Paul Krüger and His Times*. This is a summary review of the general political situation in the Transvaal rather than a biography of the distinguished President, as the author says in his preface that one of the chief difficulties of writing a biography of Paul Krüger arises from his own reluctance to talk either about himself or his career. Hence it is that in this historical sketch we see but little of the man as he is in private life, Mr. Statham having wisely refrained from repeating the many half-legendary anecdotes that have formed the basis of some biographic sketches that have been previously published. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, for example, comparing the sturdy old burgher to the many-minded Ulysses, repeated as genuine stories which would seem to prove him to have been no less wonderful than some of the mythical personages of antiquity. Mr. Statham, writing avowedly as an enthusiastic admirer of his subject, and a sympathizer with the Boers in their fight for independence, has confined himself to more matter-of-fact affairs, and though his sympathies lead him, at times, to take the position of an advocate rather than a historian, his work is valuable as a clear and concise statement of the case of President Kruger and the Boers as against that of Messrs. Chamberlain and Rhodes and the Uitlander population of the Transvaal. As such, and with the reservation that the author's anxiety to make a good case has led him to ignore some of the strongest charges brought against the Boer as to his lack of progressiveness, his narrowness, his prejudice, and his hostility to all reform, Mr. Statham's book may be commended to all who desire to see something of him as presented from the viewpoint of one who is in sympathy with his aspirations and has a better understanding of his character than many of the writers who have consciously or unconsciously misrepresented him.

Beginning with a comparison of President Krüger with his most determined, influential, and dangerous enemy, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. Statham points out as a remarkable fact the circumstance that South Africa, a country little heard of till within the last twenty years, has, during those twenty years, produced two out of the five most noted personalities of the latter decades of this century. Both have emerged from obscurity, both have succeeded in respect of the main object of their endeavors, and both, in respect of minor matters, have, to a certain extent, failed. Fame, as he puts it, may be acquired by striking personal success or striking personal devotion, and those twenty years of South African history furnish an instance of each. "For, while the world-wide fame of Cecil Rhodes rests upon personal success, the world-wide fame of Paul Krüger rests upon personal devotion."

In the year 1713 the name of Kruger first appears in the records of the Dutch East India Company at Cape Town. Between the years 1705 and 1720 there poured into South Africa a steady stream of immigration, in which Dutch, French, and German nationalities were represented. Through Holland, then the colonizing power of Europe, lay one of the natural channels for emigration, and the name of Jacob Krüger, the original founder or "stemvader" of the Krüger family, finds a place in a list that reads almost like a South African directory of the present day, so well have the old Dutch names been preserved. The stream of immigration arrived on the shores of South Africa at the time when the original Dutch East India Company settlement was gradually beginning to expand and enlarge. That original settlement, which Mr. Bryce has somewhat contemptuously described as a "cabbage garden," was, however, founded with the same object as that of the British Government in later years—that is, as a half-way station on the voyage to the East Indies. Cape Town was a convenient and strategically important place of call between Europe and the East, and it was as such, and not as a colony in our modern sense of the word, that the Dutch settlement originated. Immigrants, however, continued to arrive, and finding all the available land in the immediate neighborhood of Table Bay taken up, newcomers naturally spread out into the less inhabited districts, taking with them their wagons and their flocks, and soon carrying the northeastern boundary of the colony well up toward the Orange River. This gradual migration is one that could have been accomplished only by a hardy and enterprising people and at the expense of considerable hardship and suffering. Much of the country was barren and desolate, affording scant pasture for travelling flocks and liable to long periods of drought, while the travellers were constantly exposed to the attacks of the Bushmen, and severe storms from time to time destroyed many of their flocks. In spite of hardships, the sturdy pilgrims established themselves, and, in order to cope with their enemies, the Bushmen, they formed companies of fighting burghers and held annual military exercises. From the records, it appears that the Krüger family before the close of the last century occupied a leading position among the most enterprising and the hardiest of these frontier farmers, and the first petition in which the settlers prayed to be allowed such rudimentary institutions of civilization as a *landdrost's* (magistrate's) court and church, was forwarded to Cape Town by Jan Krüger, a grandson of the founder of the family, and bore his signature, together with those of thirty other heads of families who had made their homes in this first outpost of South African settlement. It would seem that this enlargement of the original boundary had never been encouraged by the Dutch East India Company itself, and the independent settlers in the outlying districts soon began to chafe under the authority and control of the company's officials and to resent their interference in the private affairs of individuals. The forcible deportation to Batavia of one Buitendag widened the breach between the representatives of the company and the more intelligent and independent of the colonists, and when, some years later, the conflict between England and France led to a demand that the South African settlements should be handed over to Great Britain, many of the colonists were in favor of any kind of change from the tyranny of the Dutch Company, even at the cost of coming under the rule of a foreign power. When the change came, and Cape Town was occupied by a British garrison, it had, at first, but little effect on the farmers in the frontier districts. It was not till later, when the possession of the Cape was finally confirmed to Great Britain, that her administrators, by the attempted exercise of an undue authority, made themselves as unpopular as the Dutch Company had been.

In view of the present sharply defined antagonism between the forces for which President Krüger stands to-day and the forces represented by British interests, it is curious to find that Dr. Theal, the ablest and most impartial of South African historians, thus speaks of what was once a possibility in that country: "No people not of British descent ever offered such favorable material for conversion into loyal British subjects as did the South Africans when they came by conquest under British rule."

II.

In tracing the development of the personality of Paul Krüger, Mr. Statham traces the history of the causes that have driven into an attitude of distrust and antagonism a race that, according to eminent testimony, was qualified to form an important and valuable factor in the strength of the British Empire and was, in the beginning, disposed to be friendly. The two chief causes of this unfortunate condition of affairs he finds in the personal vanity of certain British statesmen, who, from time to time, have exercised control over colonial policy, and in the wholesale slander and misrepresentation with which the Dutch race in South Africa has been pursued. "The inventors of fiction," he says, "have been sometimes missionaries, sometimes officials, sometimes (though not so often) journalists, sometimes traders, sometimes speculators. Their object has been in all cases almost precisely the same, viz., the attaining of some end in which they have been personally interested. There has also been a marked similarity in the methods they have pursued, their chief policy being always the systematic poisoning of the public mind in Great Britain with false or grossly exaggerated reports circulated in such a manner that the slow-paced contradiction of those who are slandered comes too late to act as an antidote."

Many of these misrepresentations centre round the event which first marks the strength of the antagonism between British authority and the South African settler, the exodus of emigrant farmers commencing in 1836, which is popularly known as "The Great Trek." Here once more the writer at present under review follows Dr. Theal and denies that this movement was founded on any objection to the freeing of the domestic slaves of the settlers or on any desire to escape the restraints of law. It was a movement originated by men of substance and reputation, carried on openly and with full notice to the British authorities, and its objects were clearly stated in a document published in 1837 by its leader, Peter Retief.

"We despair," this manifesto commenced, "of saving the colony from those evils which threaten it by the turbulent and dishonest conduct of [native] vagrants who are allowed to infest the country in every part; nor do we see any prospect of peace or happiness for our children in a country thus distracted by internal commotions.

"We complain of the continual system of plunder which we have for years endured from the Kaffirs and other colored classes, and particularly by the last invasion of the colony which has desolated the frontier districts and ruined most of the inhabitants.

"We complain of the unjustifiable odium which has been cast upon us by interested and dishonest persons under the name of religion, whose testimony is believed in England, to the exclusion of all evidence in our favor, and we can foresee as a result of this prejudice nothing but the total ruin of the country."

The emigrants further declared their intention to uphold the principles of liberty, to establish proper relations between master and servant, while prohibiting slavery, to refrain from molesting any people or depriving any one of property, but at the same time to prepare to defend themselves against attack.

The final paragraph, which is not without a certain dignity, reads as follows:

"We are now leaving the fruitful land of our birth, in which we have suffered enormous losses and continual vexations, and are about to enter a strange and dangerous territory; but we go with a firm reliance on an all-seeing, just, and merciful God, whom we shall always fear and humbly endeavor to obey."

It was under these conditions that, early in 1836, the northern movement into the unknown wilderness beyond the Orange River began. A second expedition, which originated close to what was then the eastern and northeastern boundary of the colony, followed. This party included three families of Krügers, and among them was a boy, then 10 years old, Stephanus Johannes Paulus Krüger, now known to the world as President of the South African Republic. After meeting with many adventures and losing many lives in conflicts with the Matabeles, the farmers encamped at a spot now known as Vechtkop, where, by lashing together some fifty wagons drawn up in a circle, they constructed a formidable laager, and, though numbering only fifty grown men in all, defeated a force of 5,000 Matabeles after an hour's stubborn fighting. It was, however, but a barren victory, as the enemy, after losing more than 150 men, withdrew, carrying away with them all the flocks and herds of the farmers, amounting to 100 horses, nearly 5,000 oxen, and more than 50,000 sheep. It was under such hard conditions of life as are implied in adventures such as these that young Paul Krüger grew to manhood, and for the next ten years the condition of the settlers was one of ceaseless struggle with danger and privation. From time to time whole families were massacred by the Matabeles or the Zulus, and the fighting qualities of these brave pioneers were developed in a series of battles that deserve to rank among the fiercest in modern history. In 1838, in the battle of the Bloed River, on the northern border of Zululand, four or five hundred farmers under Andries Pretorius completely defeated a force of between twelve and fifteen thousand Zulus. Then came the Sand River convention in 1852, by which the South African Republic was recognized as an independent State, and two years later the retirement of the British Government from the Orange Free State. In this year Paul Krüger, as commandant of a force of 150 men, took part in an expedition against the Chief Sechele, and, though a mere youth, he had already, as a hunter, explored the Matabele land as far north as the Zambesi.

In his adventures he was never known to be ill and he has never been wounded, though his clothes have often been perforated by assegais or bullets, and to this day it is said that the natives believe him to be invulnerable. It is in considering the religious, or, perhaps, it might better be described as the superstitious, side of his character that the modern reader is struck with the appropriateness of Mr. Poultney Bigelow's description of Paul Krüger as "a magnificent anachronism." When he was about 25 years of age he disappeared for some time, literally into the wilderness, returning thence a man of deep and earnest religious convictions. Since that time he has believed himself to be the special instrument of a divine power, the leader chosen to defend the liberty and the homes of his people. On this subject Mr. Statham says: "That this religious feeling takes a shape which was better known in the England of a century ago, the England of the Methodist revival, than in the England of to-day, detracts nothing from its value. If Paul Krüger regards himself as specially guided and protected by a supernatural power, the same thing is to be said of John Newton, the friend of Cowper, who, beginning his career as the Captain of a slaver, ended it as the venerated rector of one of London's most noted churches. The world, the English world, has become so cynical and skeptical at this close of the nineteenth century that it forgets the estimation accorded to the leading lights of evangelical religion at the close of the eighteenth. * * * The acknowledgment of these [religious] convictions and their public illustration and enunciation has been a habit of his life * * * and every one who knows Pretoria knows the church opposite the Presidency, wherein upon almost every Sunday Paul Krüger may be found employing both eloquence and earnestness in throwing the light of his own personal experiences on the lessons of the only book which he cares to read. It is necessary to keep this side of his character in view, remembering that, however antiquated his views may seem to the children of the present generation, with him they engage and absorb the whole earnestness of his being."

III.

With the discovery of the diamond fields of Griqualand West in about 1870, and of the gold fields of the Transvaal and the election of the Rev. François Burgers as President of the South African Republic in 1872 commenced a new chapter of Transvaal history. Great Britain now, perhaps, for the first time recognized the value of the country, and the change in feeling was officially indicated in the despatches in which Lord Kimberley deprecated any extension of the rule of the republics on the ground that this "would open to the Boers an extended field for their slave-dealing operations, and probably lead to much oppression of the natives and disturbance of peace.' One of the aims of the British Government was to bring part of the diamond-bearing districts, which had long been occupied by burghers of the Orange Free State and the South African Republic, under the control of the Cape Colony, as the strongest power in South Africa. A means to bring about this end was found in the revival of certain old claims by the Griqualand Chief, Nicholas Waterboer, which claims had some years previously been disallowed by a court of arbitration. Waterboer having ceded his claims to the British Government, that Government pushed them as its own, with the result, so far as the Free State was concerned, that that republic forfeited its claims to the disputed districts in return for a sum of £90,000, as compensation. The claims with regard to that part of the territory occupied by residents of the South African Republic were made the subject of an arbitration which resulted in the well-known Keate award, which was not at the time acted upon, which the burghers never seem to have accepted or acquiesced in, and which was revived against the republic some years later. In 1877 the annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain took place, and into the history of the events that led to that step Mr. Statham enters very carefully. His chief contentions are that it was brought about largely by misrepresentation, that Dutch sympathy with the British Government was confined to the towns, and that the agriculturalists, who constituted the great majority of the burghers, were opposed to the annexation and have never ceased to protest against it.

From this point Mr. Statham deals with matters that are within the recollection of all readers, and his history of the various struggles in which the Boers have succeeded in preserving their independence is brought down to the close of the Parliamentary investigation that followed the fiasco of the Jameson raid. He puts clearly the case of the burghers as against that of the Uitlanders and brings a strong indictment against Messrs. Chamberlain and Rhodes and the Parliamentary committee of investigation. The weakness of the book lies in the facts that the author has not altogether satisfactorily met the charges as to the Boer's attitude with regard to slavery and as to his treatment of the native races, and that he has not succeeded in disproving England's claim to the "suzerainty." He has, however, written a volume that is worthy of the attention of all who are interested in the personality of one of the foremost men of his generation and in the brave struggles of a brave people fighting to maintain their freedom and preserve their homes. There are signs in the air that those struggles may have to be renewed ere long, and it may be that Paul Krüger will live to see the independence that he has fought for overthrown. Material interests to-day are stronger than abstract ideas, and Mr. Kipling probably expressed the opinions of most of his countrymen when, in a significant speech a few days since, he said that the Boer blocked the way in South Africa and must go. It is not likely that he will be easily driven out. "Better a ruined country than no country," was the principle laid down in the famous "Third Proclamation" after the affair of Laing's Nek, and that proclamation also contained this significant sentence: "We say, if you will have our country, take it; but it shall be over our bodies and the ash heaps of our property and goods."

Stendhal on Napoleon.

It is well known that HENRI BEYLE, better known, of course, by his pen name of STENDHAL, was a great admirer of Napoleon, whom he had personally known, and that some of his ideas about the Emperor were published in a volume edited by Prosper Mérimée. Some of his notes, however, were not given to Mérimée, and these have been lately unearthed in the town library of Grenoble. They have now been published with an introduction by M. Jean de Mitty. They are well worth reading, like everything which proceeded from the pen of the man who is generally regarded as the greatest master of analysis in our century, and whom Taine considered the creator of modern sensibility. In the same volume which contains the notes on Napoleon is a collection of thoughts (*Pensées*), but we must reserve a glance at these for another occasion. It is what Stendhal has to say about Napoleon to which we would direct attention at this time.

I.

In a chapter on the Napoleonic court it is pointed out by Stendhal that it was in the drawing room of Barras that Bonaparte learned to comprehend for the first time the delicate and enchanting pleasures that a highly organized society may give. But like the slave who went to market in Athens loaded down with gold pieces but without any copper money, his mind was of too elevated a nature, and his imagination too ardent and too quick for him to have a drawing-room success. Moreover, by the time he was 26 years old his character was formed and inflexible. For some time after his return from Egypt the court of the Tuileries was a bivouac. Bonaparte perceived that if he wished to be a king he must have a real court wherewith to seduce the weak French people, over whom that word has always had a mighty influence. He found himself in the hands of military men. A conspiracy of the Prætorian Guards might hurl him from the throne in an hour, as the plot organized by Mallet came near proving. If, on the other hand, he surrounded himself with Prefects and with ladies of the palace, with Chamberlains, Equerries, and Ministers, he would impress the imaginations of the Generals of the Guard, who, after all, were Frenchmen, and had an innate respect for a court. After these precautions had been taken, however, the despot remained suspicious. Stendhal asserts that even some of the wives of Marshals consented to act as spies. The following incident was significant: A General who was a friend of Stendhal wanted to give a dinner to some twenty persons, and ordered it at Very's in the Palais Royal. After taking the order, Very remarked, "You are doubtless aware, General, that I am obliged to notify the police about this dinner, in order that they may have a representative there." The General was much surprised and even more annoyed. That evening, happening to meet the Duke of Otranto at a council called by the Emperor, he said to him: "Parbleu! It is pretty hard that I cannot give a dinner to twenty people without admitting one of your fellows to my table." The Minister made some excuse, but, nevertheless, declined to break the rule. The General grew indignant, and finally Fouché had an inspiration, and said: "Let me see the list of your guests." The General handed it to him. Scarcely had the Minister of Police read over a third of the names than he smiled, and, returning the list, observed, "It is needless for you to invite an unknown person."

II.

In a chapter on the army, Stendhal says that the promotions made by Napoleon himself at public reviews, when he consulted the opinions of the soldiers, were excellent. On the other hand the appointments made by the Prince de Neufchatel (Berthier) were extremely bad; in his eyes the possession of brains was a fatal disqualification. Stupidity, however, was insisted on only among the officers of the Guard, who, it was thought, ought to be blind instruments of the will of Mohammed. Stendhal, who, like Cervantes and Descartes, had served under the colors before becoming a writer, says that the truly divine element in the French Army of his time was contributed by the subaltern officers and the soldiers. He can vouch from his own experience that there was not a Second Lieutenant who did not firmly believe that if he fought well and escaped a bullet he would become one day a Marshal of France. This happy illusion lasted up to the grade of Brigadier-General. Then the truth was discovered that, unless one could perform a gallant deed under the great man's very eyes, there was no hope of promotion except through intrigue. What went on without the Emperor's knowledge is illustrated by the following anecdote: One day, in a Cabinet council, Gen. Gassendi, Gen. Dejean, the Minister of the Interior, and several others, combined to beg the Emperor to give the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel to a Captain of Artillery, who had rendered, they said, great services in the War Office. The Minister of War had recalled the fact that within four years his Majesty had thrice effaced the name of this officer from the list of promotions. All now implored him to let it stand. "No, gentlemen!" was the reply. "I will never consent to promote an officer who in ten years has not 'gone under fire.' It is, however, pretty well known that I have a War Minister who sometimes gets my signatures to promotions without my knowing it." The very next day the Emperor signed, without reading it, a decree which made a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Captain in question.

III.

In the field, after a victory, or even when some advantage had been gained by a single division, the Emperor always held a review. After passing along the ranks, accompanied by the Colonel, and, after speaking to all the soldiers who had distinguished themselves, he had the officers called around him by beat of drum, and if a Chef de Bataillon had been killed he inquired in a loud voice who was the bravest Captain. Thereupon, in the heat of enthusiasm for the victory just gained and for the great man before them, the replies were sincere and just. If, for any reason, the brave Captain was unfitted to become a Chef de Bataillon, the Emperor advanced him a grade in the Legion of Honor, and, returning to his question, asked: "After So and So, who is the bravest?" Stendhal says that at such moments he has seen soldiers weeping out of devotion to the great man.

We are told, however, by this eyewitness, that the spirit of the army varied. Republican, grim, heroic at Marengo, it became afterward more and more monarchical and self-seeking. In proportion as the uniforms became embroidered and loaded with crosses, the hearts which they covered grew less generous; all the Generals who fought from enthusiasm were sent to a distance, or left to languish in retirement. The intriguing fellows prospered, and their delinquencies the Emperor seemed afraid to punish. For example, a Colonel who used to drop, or let himself be thrown, into a ditch every time his regiment went under fire was made a Brigadier-General or detailed upon home service. Stendhal assures us that so self-seeking and corrupt was the army in the Russian campaign, that it was almost on the point of forcing its commander to bargain with it. Moreover, the stupidities of the Major-General (Berthier) and the insolence of the Imperial Guard, for which all privileges were reserved, and which, for a long time, had taken no part in the fighting, forming, as it did, the reserve of the army, alienated from Napoleon many hearts. In personal bravery, indeed, no diminution was observable; it was impossible for a soldier, sprung from a vain-glorious people, not to face death a thousand times in order to be reputed the bravest man in his company. But the soldier, having lost the habit of subordination, lacked prudence and wasted his physical resources, without which courage is of small account. Stendhal says that a friend of his, a Colonel, told him, while they were on their way to Russia, that during the three previous years he had seen 36,000 men pass through his regiment. This assertion recalls Napoleon's famous, and we may add odious, declaration that his annual income was 100,000 men. Every year there was less technical instruction, less discipline, less patience, less exactitude in obedience on the part of the soldiery. Some Marshals, no doubt, like Davout and Suchet, still kept up their army corps; the greater part encouraged the general disorder. According to Stendhal, the troops even lost the power of closing up their ranks and of forming a solid square; hence, he says, the advantages which Cossacks, who were simply ill-armed peasants, were destined to gain over the bravest army in the universe. "I have seen," he tells us, "twenty-two Cossacks, the oldest of whom was not 20, nor had served two years under the colors, throw into disorder and put to flight a convoy of 500 French soldiers, among whom were five Generals; this, too, in the campaign of Saxony in 1813. They would have accomplished nothing against the republican army of Marengo; but, as such an army no longer exists, the sovereign who is master of the Cossacks is master of the world."

IV.

In a chapter on the imperial Ministers, the writer of these notes expresses the opinion that it was the great misfortune of Napoleon, when on the throne, to exhibit three of the weaknesses of Louis XIV. He carried his love for court pomp to the verge of puerility. He took blockheads for Ministers and if he did not imagine he could make men of them, as Louis did in the case of Chamillard, he at least believed that, whatever the stupidity of the reports submitted to him, he would know how to unravel them and get at the core of an affair. After all, too, Louis XIV. loved men of talent. Napoleon did not love them; he sent away Lucien and Carnot, truly superior men, who possessed the very qualities in which he was lacking. When the pestiferous air of the court had altogether corrupted Napoleon and had exalted his self-love into a kind of disease, he sent away Talleyrand and Fouché and replaced them with the dullest of his flatterers. In a word, according to Stendhal, there were two causes of the Emperor's ruin: First, the liking which he evinced from the date of his coronation for men of mediocre parts; secondly, the combination of an Emperor's functions with those of a Commander-in-Chief. The whole of the night which preceded the memorable retreat from Leipsic was taken up with the civil functions of the Emperor; he busied himself in dictating orders for Spain and not the details of the next day's movement, which consequently were disorderly.

The Emperor ultimately reached the point of believing that he could unravel the most tangled affair in twenty minutes. You would see him, says Stendhal, making efforts of attention that were incredible, and for any other man impossible, in the struggle to comprehend a prolix, disorderly report made by a dunce who knew nothing of the business. He used to say of Count Cessac, one of his Ministers, "he is an old woman;" nevertheless he kept him in office. He believed that he knew everything about everything and that he no longer needed anything but stenographers of his own ideas. The great advancement of the Duke of Bassano came from his having divined in a certain affair the Emperor's thought before the latter had expressed it. Stendhal points out that such was not the part which Sully played at the side of Henri IV.; nor would such be the part played by any honest man at the side of any sovereign, much less a sovereign whose omnivorous activity wished to define by imperial decree even the expenditure of fifty francs.

Under Napoleon the Ministers killed themselves with work, but it was work unenlightened by any ideas of their own. To be well received by the Emperor, it was always needful to reply to the question with which he happened to be busied at the moment when they came in—for example, "What is the exact value of the furniture in all my military hospitals?" The Minister who did not reply instantly and fully, like a man who had been occupied with nothing else the whole day long, was overwhelmed with reproaches, though as regards other things he might have the knowledge and insight of the Duke of Otranto. When Napoleon learned that Crétet, the best Minister of the Interior that he ever had, was about to succumb to a mortal malady, "Nothing could be more fitting," said he. "A man whom I make a Minister ought not to be able to discharge the simplest natural function at the end of four years. That would mean honor and everlasting fortune for his family." The poor Ministers were reduced almost to idiocy by the Napoleonic régime. Stendhal recalls that the estimable Count Degean was forced one day to plead for mercy. He was engaged in calculating the expenses of a war, and became so drunk with figures and estimates that he was obliged to interrupt his master and to tell him that he no longer understood a word. Another Minister fell into a deep sleep, with his head sunk on his notebook, while the Emperor was talking. He did not wake up for a quarter of an hour; yet his head was one of the strongest.

V.

The favor which Ministers enjoyed went through phases that might last a month or six weeks apiece. When one of these poor fellows saw that he no longer pleased his master, he grew livid with anxiety, decupled his labors, and redoubled his servilities to the Duke of Bassano. All at once and unexpectedly a gleam of favor would return. Their wives would be invited to join the imperial circle, and they themselves would be drunk with joy. This kind of life was deadly, but, at least, there was no room in it for ennui. Months went like days. When the Emperor was satisfied with them he would make them a present, amounting, perhaps, to 10,000 francs a year. One day, having taken note of a grievous blunder which the Grand Judge, the Duke of Massa, had made him commit, he shoved the latter over, red gown and all, on a sofa, and spanked him. Ashamed afterward of this ebullition, he sent him 60,000 francs. Stendhal says that he had heard one of the bravest Generals contend that a slap given by the Emperor inflicted no dishonor, inasmuch as it was simply a sign of dissatisfaction on the part of the chief of the State.

As time went on the men who had acquired during the revolution a thorough knowledge of the public business abandoned Napoleon in disgust, and the young people who might have replaced them sought only to vie with each other in servility. That was the only way to get on with the Duke of Bassano, who, next to the Emperor, was all-powerful in the civil administration. The sure way to ruin one's self with him was to exhibit intellect. His favorites, according to Stendhal, were people accused of inability to read. How then did France manage to get on under Ministers who followed methods so absurd? Stendhal answers that France got on through the intense emulation with which all ranks of society had been inspired by Napoleon. The prime motor of the French of that period was the love of glory. The smallest apothecary's clerk, toiling in his master's back shop, was inflamed with the idea that if he made a great discovery he would have the cross and would be made a Count. Wherever Napoleon showed himself, and he traversed every square rood of his vast empire, if real merit could once pierce the rampart formed by his Ministers and chamberlains, it was sure of an immense reward.

In a final chapter on the civil administration Stendhal recalls that "Thirteen and a half years of success made Alexander the Great a kind of madman. A success of precisely the same duration produced in Napoleon the same kind of madness. The sole difference is that the Macedonian hero had the good luck to die. What glory would not Napoleon have left behind him, as a conqueror, had he had the luck to stop a bullet on the evening after the battle of the Moskowa!"

To appreciate the breadth of knowledge and the penetration evinced by Stendhal in these notes, notes which make Thiers seem commonplace and give us a foretaste of Taine, we should bear in mind that they were penned while Napoleon was still living; that is to say, between 1817 and 1820, when the writer was discharging the functions of a French Consul in an Italian seaport. M. W. H.

"Northward Over the Great Ice."

Under the title "Northward Over the Great Ice," our distinguished Arctic explorer, R. E. PEARY, C. E., U. S. N., describes his work of discovery and exploration in Greenland during several years. His story is published in two handsome volumes by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Mr. Peary says in his preface that this narrative was written to supply a complete record of his Arctic work. Everything that he has done is here set down. The story, in its two volumes, is a chronicle purely; it makes no account of what was done in Arctic investigation previously. The accomplishments of Kane, Hayes, Hall, Greely, Melville, and others are allowed to stand by themselves; this is a supplement that does not burden itself with retrospect and reference. It has gathered a great deal of information in the respect of geography, ethnology, and natural history, and it contains new and peculiar information about meteors. The author made a summer voyage and formed some acquaintance with the inland ice of Greenland in 1886. In 1891 and 1892 he sojourned for thirteen months in northern Greenland and made a 1,200-mile journey across the ice cap of that land, outlining its coast and determining its insularity. In 1893-95 he occupied himself during twenty-five months in North Greenland, making in the course of that sojourn a 1,200-mile sledge journey across the ice cap, completing his interesting and valuable studies of the Whale Sound natives and discovering the meteoric deposits at Cape York. In his fourth voyage, 1896-97, he secured the last and largest of the Cape York meteorites, a mass weighing ninety tons.

Describing Greenland, Mr. Peary speaks of it as the pendent brooch in the glittering necklace of ice and snow which circles the North Pole. An Arctic island continent, he calls it: the most interesting of Arctic lands; a land of startling contrasts; a land of midnight suns and noonday nights; of tropical skies and eternal ice; of mountains with sides still tinged with the deep, warm glow of ancient volcanic fires and summits hidden beneath caps of everlasting snow.

The author in his preface affords a brief history of Greenland. It was discovered by Erik, an Icelandic outlaw, 900 years ago. He gave it its present name, believing the same to be attractive, if not just, and considering that wandering and colonizing people might be allured by it. Further history of Greenland, until recent times, seems to have been surmised rather than authenticated. It may be that Europe was repopulated from Greenland after the devastations of the plague known as the "black death." Perhaps walrus tusks were sent from Greenland as symbols to inspire the Crusaders. These are matters of which it is to be said only that, in case they are true, Greenland must have been in the past something very different from what it now is. It seems to be not without reason that Mr. Peary speaks of Greenland as having been geographically and topographically a land of mystery; perhaps historically there is no reason why it should not be still included in the same category.

Mr. Peary estimates that the northern extremity of Greenland is in or near the eighty-fifth parallel, in which case the length of the island is to be measured as about the same as the distance from the City of Mexico to Washington. It is 690 miles across and its area amounts to about four times the area of the New England and Middle States; but four-fifths of this expanse, or about the equivalent of three times the area of France or Germany, is covered with ice, and is consequently unfitted for the production of either bananas or strawberries. Possibly, in its earth formation, the interior of Greenland is a country resembling the region of the Rocky Mountains or the Alps; if it is, the appearance of the fact has been entirely subordinated and lost, for snow, which constantly comes and never disappears, yielding in no degree even to the longest summer day, has filled up the valleys and reared itself in an unbroken plane above the highest peaks. This is the significance of what is called the "snow cap," the interior of Greenland being to-day what Mr. Peary calls an elevated unbroken plateau of snow, lifted from 5,000 to 8,000 and even to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea—a huge white, glistening shield, some 1,200 miles in length and 500 miles in width, resting on the supporting mountains. It is an Arctic Sahara, without evidence of vegetable or animal life, without sign of rock or grain of sand. One journeying over it sees but three things—the infinite expanse of the frozen plain, the infinite dome of the blue sky, and the white sun.

Mr. Peary sums up certain results from his Arctic work. The Eskimos have profited by the opportunities which his journeyings and sojourn afforded. Seven years ago many an Eskimo man in Greenland was without a knife and many an Eskimo woman without a needle. Few of the men possessed kayaks, or skin canoes, and he was indeed well off who had a harpoon shaft made of a single piece of wood. To-day men and women are amply supplied with knives and needles; every man and boy has his canoe; most of the men have guns, and every hunter is supplied with the best of wood for his lance, his harpoon, his seal spear and his sledge. The effect of these improvements in their weapons has shown itself at once in an improved condition of the tribe, resulting from the more effective work of the hunters. The people are better clothed, they can support a larger number of dogs (their only domestic animal), and as a result of their more ample nourishment the death rate among them has decreased and the birth rate has perceptibly increased within the last six years. Again, it has been shown by Mr. Peary's experience that long sledge journeys may be undertaken with safety even in the Arctic night; that white men can remain in high latitudes for long periods without fear of that dread of Arctic explorers, scurvy; that very small parties are the only ones suited for effective work in the Arctic regions; that the work of northern exploration can be conducted on an economical basis, and that it can be done without loss of life.

Of first importance to the Arctic explorer are his sledge and its equipment. It seems as though everything depended on them. The sledge must combine the qualities of lightness, strength, and easy traction. Sledges for use on the ice cap and on the sea level should differ in their construction. On the ice cap they must have the broad flat runner necessary to prevent them from sinking into the deep soft snow. Clothing is another thing to be considered. Schwatka was in favor of reindeer clothing exclusively. Greely was not a believer in fur clothing. But the experience of Greely, the author says, seems to have been confined to sealskin garments, which are not considered by the natives to possess any warmth. Mr. Peary's own experience is that fur clothing is absolutely essential in Arctic work, and that the less woollen and the more fur one wears, provided the fur is properly made into clothing and that the wearer knows how to wear it, the more comfortable will the wearer be. Of the 800 illustrations in these two volumes a number show how comfortable the people of the north look in their fur clothes; at the same time there are pictures of natives who do not wear any clothing at all, and, curiously, they also look comfortable.

Still we must believe what Mr. Peary says in regard to the desirableness of fur. Fur seems to be peculiarly desirable in inland ice travel, where the wind is much more penetrating than at the sea level. Nothing but fur and the impervious integument of animal skin will protect one from the ice-cap winds. In the author's experience, he and those with him were comfortable in their fur clothing in a temperature ranging from 60° below zero to 50° above, in all conditions of activity and rest, sleeping in tents, or snowshoeing in deep snow at the end of a drag rope. The tent, it may be said, is considered by the author to be a superfluous luxury in Greenland. In pleasant weather the lee of a sledge; in storms a piece of canvas kept up at one end by snowshoes stuck in the snow, or thrown over low snow walls and weighted down by the sledge—these were found by the explorer to be quite sufficient. In his expedition of 1894 he did not take a tent with him. In 1895 he took tents, after a careful study and adaptation of them. He considered size and weight, and his tents then, consisting of cover, floor and wind guard for entrance, weighed thirteen pounds. They answered all purposes.

The navigator of the ocean makes use of certain implements. Mr. Peary, in his travels over the sea of Greenland ice, substituted the odometer for the log line and the aneroid for the sounding lead. From the indications of the latter it was possible to change the course so as to give the dogs less work, and it also gave warning in thick weather of approach to the dreaded land, between which and the serene, smooth heights of the interior ice cap lie dangerous slopes of bare, blue ice, yawning crevasses, sudden and furious squalls, and frequent and violent storms. The explorer's instrumental outfit for his journeyings included a transit, a sextant and artificial horizon, three chronometers, several compasses, two odometers, three aneroids, several thermometers, one pair of binoculars and a camera. The chronometers were pocket size, open-faced, stem-winders, inclosed in a single aluminum case, made according to the instructions of the explorer, and were carried by him suspended over his chest, inside his clothing, by a cord about his neck. They kept excellent time and gave every satisfaction. The compasses were a four-inch liquid boat compass, and several dry cards, pocket size, in hunting cases. The pocket compasses were used in the hand for setting the course when Mr. Peary was walking in advance of his people. The boat compass was used as it would be at sea. It was lashed on the top of his sledge during the first 300 miles of the northward journey, when he was obliged to keep the course and drive a team of ten dogs. On the return, lashed upon a pair of ski and pushed in front of him, it enabled the party to march during days of fog when without it advance would have been impossible. The odometer saved a great deal of annoyance and hard work by reducing the number of necessary solar observations. Solar observations on the ice cap, even under the most favorable conditions, are extremely trying, and much of the time they are unsatisfactory or impossible. The almost constant wind and drift make the use of the artificial horizon very difficult, even when the temperature is high enough not to affect the mercury; and the same causes, combined with the varying conditions of the snow surface, sometimes extremely hard, again very soft, and the constant vibrations from the wind, make the use of the transit difficult. Refraction and atmospheric vibration are at all times excessive on the ice cap, and the extreme brilliancy of the sun, even through the special glasses of instruments for this sort of work, is so trying to eyes already strained to their utmost by the unceasing glare from the sky and snow, day and night, that the taking of an observation was always dreaded by Mr. Peary, and usually resulted in some one else being obliged to take the lead the next day, while the leader walked with bandaged eyes beside the sledge. The aneroids were beautiful aluminum instruments, three inches in diameter, reading to 12,000 feet. Like the chronometers, all three were carried in a single case.

The term "inland ice," Mr. Peary says, is misleading. The surface is not ice, but a compacted snow. Elevated as the entire interior is, to a height of from 4,000 to 9,000 feet above the sea level, mountains of the coast which would be visible to the sailor at a distance of sixty to eighty miles disappear beneath the landward convexity of the ice caps by the time the traveller has penetrated fifteen or twenty miles into the interior, and then he may travel for days and weeks with no break whatever in the continuity of the sharp steel-blue line of the horizon.

It is an interesting question as to whether this enormous deposit of snow is increasing or decreasing or remaining practically stationary. Since it has got so high, it might be thought that there is no reason why it should not get higher. Still, it may be that causes of depletion, recently developed, are qualified to keep the snow field at its present altitude. Mr. Peary is of the opinion that such causes are at work, but only investigations, he says, carried on through a term of years, can determine what the facts are. One and principal among the causes of diminution are the glaciers. The pressure having amounted to what it is, we may suppose the depleting labors of the glaciers to be corresponding. The wind, the melting, and the evaporation have also their effect, but these agencies, it may be supposed, have always existed. The glaciers, any way, express themselves annually in the form of great fleets of icebergs, some of which appear in this latitude occasionally.

Mr. Peary remarks especially the intensity of the light on the Greenland ice cap. His journeys over the cap have been made during the Arctic summer—that is, in the period, some four months in duration, when the sun is constantly above the horizon. In clear weather, Mr. Peary says, the Arctic sun is as brilliant as the sun of any southern latitude, and this brilliancy is greatly and very painfully increased by the reflection from the snow surface lifted into the rarified and pure upper strata of the Arctic atmosphere. The intensity of this light is such that the strongest eye can endure it unaided for only a few hours. A man placed in the centre of the ice cap in midsummer, with no means of protecting his eyes, would be presently as helpless as a blind kitten. The traveller on the "great ice" must keep his eyes constantly protected by goggles of heavy smoked glass, and even with these Mr. Peary's party, when in camp and trying to sleep, were frequently obliged to protect their eyes still further by tying a strip of fur across them, for the Arctic light is such that it will penetrate not smoked goggles only, but closed lids as well. Sometimes, though rarely, cloud shadows drift across the white expanse, but usually the cloud phenomena are the heavy prophecies or the immediate actualities of furious storms veiling the entire sky, or the dainty, transparent cirrus feathers. In clear weather the traveller in this waste sees only the snow, the sky, and the sun, but in cloudy weather even these disappear. Many a time, Mr. Peary records, he has found himself in such weather, travelling in gray space, feeling the snow beneath his snowshoes, but unable to see it. No sun, no sky, no snow, no horizon—absolutely nothing that the eye could rest upon. Zenith and nadir alike, an intangible gray nothingness. "My feet and snowshoes," he writes, "were sharp and clear as silhouettes, and I was conscious of contact with the snow at every step, yet as far as my eyes gave me evidence to the contrary, I was walking upon nothing. The space between my snowshoes was equally as light as the zenith. The opaque light which filled the sphere of vision might come from below as well as above. Never shall I forget, though I cannot describe, the impressions made by these surroundings. The strain, both physical and mental, of this blindness with wide-open eyes was such that after a time I would be obliged to stop until the passing of the fog, or formation of the higher clouds, gave me something to keep the course by."

The wind, Mr. Peary says, is never still on the "Great Ice." Day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out, it is sweeping down, drifting the everlasting snow. In gentle breezes this drift is of almost impalpable fineness, and extends only a foot or two above the surface. With a higher wind the particles of snow become coarser, and the depth of the flying current increases until, in a storm, the drift becomes a roaring, hissing, blinding, suffocating Niagara of snow, rising hundreds of feet into the air—a drift which almost instantly buries any quiescent object, and in which it is almost impossible for the traveller to breathe. This drifting snow, Mr. Peary says, is as penetrating as water. When the depth of the drift is not above the knee its surface is as tangible, and almost as sharply defined, as that of a sheet of water, and its incessant dizzy rush and strident sibilation become, when long continued, as maddening as the drop, drop, drop of water on the victim's head in the old torture rooms. The explorer believes that in the centre of this ice cap, lifted some two miles into the frozen air, is to be found, in the middle of the Arctic night, the fiercest degree of cold that the earth affords.

Mr. Peary is an excellent story teller. He is aware of the value of narrative as well as the value of science, and these two volumes are bound to interest any reader. The 800 photographic illustrations deserve all praise.

WAR CHAPLAINS OF TO-DAY.

The Kind of Work They Do Afloat and Ashore—The Pay They Get.

The chaplains of the army and navy are not reckoned as fighting men, but the history of the civil war shows that many of them did fight when the occasion demanded, and their presence at the front had an inspiring effect on the troops. Some of the chaplains are Catholic priests. In the navy they frequently combine the duties of chaplain and school teacher in times of peace, and there is no more interesting sight afloat than a division of apprentices studying their lessons under the eyes of the chaplain and trying to look as if they enjoyed it. The chaplain of forty years ago in our navy was likely to be a Low Church Episcopalian, who estranged the crew from him and who associated almost exclusively with the officers.

Father Chidwick, who was the chaplain on the U. S. S. Maine when she was destroyed in Havana harbor, is reported by naval officers to be an excellent example of the chaplain found to-day in our navy. His loyalty to his men was exactly what his conduct toward them before the disaster had led them to expect. There are twenty-four chaplains in the navy now and thirty-four post and three regimental chaplains in the regular army. The post chaplain ranks as Captain in the army, and his pay for the first five years of his service is $1,500 a year, and this is increased for every five years' additional service. A chaplain in the navy receives $2,500 a year when on sea duty and $2,000 on shore duty for the first five years, and after that he receives $2,800 for sea duty and $2,300 for shore duty. The chaplains must be men of good standing in the church, but are free to use any service which they please.

A good many regimental chaplains have come into the army under the first call for troops, many of them having served as regimental chaplains in the National Guard. Tents to serve as churches have been provided for many of them, and these are to be transported wherever the troops may go. The *Church Economist* says of these chaplains:

"Good examples of these churches militant are found in the cases of the Second Regiment of Massachusetts, the Seventy-first Regiment of New York, and in the work of the Roman Catholic chaplains under the Rev. E. J. Vattmann. A description of these three will serve as a description of all. The regiments named took their chaplains with them, and also their churches. One is an able divine, who left his pulpit in Brooklyn to go to the front, it happening that the Bay State Regiment had retained the Brooklyn preacher after his removal to another city, and the other one of the best-known clergymen in New York. So far from the enlisted men being absent from their churches because they are at the front, it is in both cases the people at home who suffer deprivation. Their pastor is at the front, and a tent takes the place of brick and stone. Everything found in the church at home is found in the church at the front.

"Father Vattmann is the oldest Roman Catholic chaplain in the regular United States Army service, and one of the oldest and most highly respected chaplains standing for any branch of the Church. Temporarily and in an unofficial way, for the greatest efficiency, he is placed in charge of the chaplains of his Church either in the regular or volunteer service. He has been provided with a church militant like the others, and that not by the Government, but by the Church, and he and his fellow workers will go to Cuba when circumstances warrant and take their militant church with them. It is fitted with the essentials for a dignified and proper rendering of the Roman Catholic ritual.

"Supplementing, but in no way conflicting, is the Army Christian Commission. This commission had its origin in the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, not with any aim to keep others out of the field or because it was designed to be association work and nothing else, but because this committee was already in existence and formed an admirable nucleus to begin with. The following names indicate its breadth: William E. Dodge, Col. J. J. McCook, Morris K. Jesup, Charles W. McAlpin, ex-Secretary of State Foster, Dwight L. Moody, N. W. Harris, Joshua Levering, T. DeWitt Cuyler, William J. Latta, James McCormick, ex-Governor Beaver, Augustine T. Smythe, Thomas S. McPheeters, Henry M. Moore. The Secretary is William B. Millar, the Treasurer Frederick B. Schenck, and the Secretary for the business department W. E. Lougee. The general offices are now at 3 West Twenty-ninth street, New York, but may be removed to Washington.

"The financial support of this commission has thus far been spontaneous—as wide in its sources as is the membership of the commission itself. Practically no solicitations have been made, and yet already an enormous amount of work has been accomplished and the financial responsibilities discharged. At four camps has work been undertaken, namely, Tampa, Mobile, Chickamauga, and Washington. At each of these from three to eight tents have been provided. Where regimental lines are maintained tents are provided for separate regiments, so that at Falls Church, Washington, no fewer than nine large tents are up. Each tent is furnished to look as much like a lyceum, a church, or perhaps one might say parish house, as possible. There are comfortable chairs in great numbers, tables for reading and writing, books and Bibles, especially the latter, for the call for them has been enormous. Stationery in vast quantities is furnished free, pens, ink and pencils also, and a mail delivery system is maintained."

There was little or no system in selecting chaplains during the civil war and some men who were sent to the front not infrequently brought the Church into ridicule. When the army goes to Cuba and to Porto Rico it will be accompanied by tents for the chaplains.

Mississippi's New Senator.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Sullivan, who will take his seat this week as successor to the late Senator Walthall, by appointment from Gov. McLaurin of Mississippi, will be one of the youngest members of that body. He has been in Mississippi for over a week, his selection for Senator having been assured, as *The Post* stated several days ago. Although this has been his first term in the House, Mr. Sullivan has taken an active and creditable part there for a new member. He has made two or three brief speeches at the day sessions of the House and has participated actively at the Friday night sessions. Although a Southern man by birth and associations, Mr. Sullivan has shown himself especially free from sectional prejudice and has never opposed reasonable pensions to the veterans of the civil war. He was one of David B. Hill's followers in the South, and, while he is a free silver man, he is not radical in his views. Like Representative Bailey, his brother-in-law, his course in the past has been for a conservative policy that would not estrange the gold Democrats.

In personal appearance Senator Sullivan is a man of medium size. He is very erect and precise in his bearing and converses with a frank but positive tone. He has a keen eye, an aquiline nose, and features that are rather thin and convey an impression of severity. Notwithstanding this, Senator Sullivan is a very pleasant man socially, and during his service in the House has been popular. He was appointed by Speaker Reed as a member of the Committee on Claims and of the Committee on Pacific Railroads.